THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LX.

If you cast your eyes on the plan of Paris, you will easily find in the north-west corner of it, the street of the Ferme des Mathurins; suppose me setting out thence, and passing by the streets des Mathurins and Caumertin, as far as the Boulevards, crossing them, and proceeding by the street des Capucines, as far as the opening of the Place Vendome: on the right is the Place Vendome, from which a street leads into the street St. Honori, on the other side of which a passage has been made through the ruins of the Capuchin Church and Convent, to a door which opens into the Gardens of the Thuileries—near this door, was the extremity of the riding school, where the Convention sat when Louis XVI took shelter on the 10th of August, with his family; and it was here that he was afterwards so unjustly condemned to death. Another opening has been made to the left, from the spot I supposed myself arrived at, in the street des Capucines, which communicates with the Boulevards, over the place which was formerly covered by the Convent and Garden of the Capucine Nuns—they went barefooted, lived upon vegetables, and had no reliance but on the charity of the pious. At the suppression of the religious houses, a part of their Convent was converted into a manufactory of assignats, and millions continued to flow thence, until a pound sterling was equivalent to 18,000 livres; the other parts were let out for taverns and retail stores, for puppet shows and panoramas, and for the Amphitheatre of Franconi, while the idle boys of the neighbourhood, found amusement in what remained of the gardens—a few steps along the Rue des Capucines (I wish you would allow me, for the future, to say Rue, though as an Englishman in one of Foote's plays observes, it is a very strange way of calling a street) a few steps then, along the Rue des Capucines, would bring one

into the Rue des Petits Champs, and a few more, to the corner of the Rue d'Antin, to the spot where the fatal duel took place in the minority of Louis XIV, between the two brothers, the Dukes of Nemours and of Beaufort—the first, who would listen to no terms of accommodation, was, as it should seem it ought to have been, the one killed. You must now follow me in imagination, through the Place Vendome, into the Rue St. Honori, so distinguished for elegant shops of every sort, and proceed as far as the Church of St. Roch—this spot was originally a small circular hill, at a little distance from the walls of Paris, in which it was not inlcuded till the time of Henry IV, or Louis XIII. It was here, that in the year 1429, the celebrated Maid of Orleans stood, and pointed a cannon against the town, then in the hands of the English; it was for many years occupied by a windmill, but a handsome church was at length erected there, and it was from the steps of this church, that a glazier's wife, passing early on a winter's morning, took the poor little infant, not a day old, who was afterwards known in the world by the name of D'Alembert—he was a profound and distinguished geometrician, an elegant writer on subjects of lighter literature, and a good-humoured, humane and generous man: one of his parents, Madame de Tencin, who had never lost sight of him, wished at length, to have acknowledged him publickly as her son, but he chose that the celebrity which he had now acquired, should shed all its lustre upon the good woman who protected his helpless infancy; he would never quit his lodgings at her house, or have any other mother, was his expression, but the glazier's wife. She survived him, and her old age was rendered comfortable, by the little fortune which it was in his power to leave her. This Church of St. Roch, is also remarkable for another event, of which it bears evident memorials upon the whole of its front: it was early in 1795, that the remains of the Jacobin party, who had a large majority of the citizens in their favour, and who were strengthened by a large accession of concealed royalists, began to recover from their defeat of the 9th Thermidor, of the year before, and to avail themselves of the fluctuating pusillanimous conduct of the Convention, whom they insulted in every manner, and at length attacked with an armed force. Menou had been sent against them, and Barras was next appointed general; but he had the good sense to let the command devolve upon a young man, lately made a brigadier of artillery, who had distinguished himself at Toulon, and who was known not to be too tender-hearted for a similar employment; this was Buonaparte, who approaching the Church of St. Roch by the narrow passage of the Rue de Dauphin, drove the opposite party from it with his artillery, and cannonaded them without mercy, in every part of the city, wherever they ventured to show themselves: several thousands of the citizens lost their lives upon the occasion. The Parisians are said never to have forgiven the execution of this day, which is called in the History of the Revolution, the 13th Vendemaire. It was along the Rue St. Honori, that the unfortunate Queen of France was conducted to the guillotine, in 1793. I have seen a letter from a young Genevan to his father, in which was the following paragraph: "I was standing with many others, upon the steps of St. Roch, when the cart came by; it was a common cart, such as is made use of for carrying criminals to execution: the Queen was seated in it, with her hands tied behind her; her eyes were swelled, from the tears which probably she had shed the night before, but her air was composed, and her looks erect; she was decently dressed in white, and had on a close cap; a confessor was seated beside her, but she did not appear to have any conversation with him." The world is in some measure, at length undeceived with respect to this unfortunate princess—she had

defended herself with the courage of innocence, before the infamous tribunal, but was prepared to meet her fate—the amusement of her few last days, was to knit a purse from the yarn of the tapestry that lined her chamber; she herself, ironed the gown she was to wear, and expressed no fear, but that the hatred of the people would not suffer her to reach the scaffold. If I were once to give way to what rises in my mind, upon this subject, my description of Paris would never be finished. Suppose yourself now to have proceeded along the Rue St. Honori, as far as the Palais Royal; this Palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and afterwards presented to the King; and it was hence that Anne of Austria, was driven with her children, at the time of those commotions which were excited by the Cardinal de Retz; it was given to the family of Orleans by Louis XIV; and it was the last duke of that name, one of the most unprincipled, and yet most timid; the most avaricious, and yet the most expensive of men, who gave to the building, and to the garden, their present form. The garden is about 250 yards long, and about 100 broad, with triple avenues of young trees on each side, and an open space along the middle, and is enclosed on three sides with a row of lofty and uniform buildings; there is an open portico on the ground floor, and the whole is let out to a variety of people, who all contribute in their way, to the enjoyments of the Capital: watchmakers, jewellers, painters, booksellers, milliners, auctioneers, changers and lenders of money, sellers of every article of dress, from cheap shoes, to the most beautiful artificial flowers, venders of all sorts of fruits and undrest eatables, restaurateurs and confectioners succeed each other, and there are toy-shops and gaming houses, cabinets of natural philosophy, curious pieces of mechanism, and preparations in wax, to engage the attention of a stranger. When the whole is lighted up at night, with 180 large reflecting lamps, and the crowds of those who come to see and be seen, are collected, it must appear like the games of Flora in ancient Rome, or like some great and pompous sacrifice to the united divinities of Venus and Bacchus, and of half a dozen other deities, who have names, though I cannot recollect them, in the fasts of Heathen Mythology; I presume the ancients had a God of Gluttony upon their list, and he certainly would have had his altar here, for it is impossible to conceive any article of luxury in the whole science of eating, which is not to be procured. Almost all the commotions which have taken place in Paris, originated, it is said, in the recesses of the Palais Royal: it was in this garden that Fabu D'Eglantine, placing himself upon a chair, that he might be the better seen and heard, raised a spirit in the minds of his audience, which vented itself in the destruction of the Bastile. The eloquence of Antony, at the funeral of Cæsar, was not more powerful or more destructive: he was a man of abilities, and became very shortly after, a victim of the revolution, which, ultimately destroying almost every one whom it had called into notice, has been well compared to Saturn, who the poets pretended, devoured his own children.

A part of the Palace has been appropriated to the Tribunate, who meet in a very pretty room, where they have very little to do, though their powers, as they appear in print, might induce one to suppose that their time would be precious; I was present on one occasion, and could not but admire the elegance of the hall, which is in the form best adapted to a theatre; it is nearly half circular; the president being placed in what might be the centre of a small stage, while the members are ranged on benches, which take the form of the building, and a handsome gallery runs along above, for the reception of strangers; it is here, as in the other publick assemblies of France, the person who is to speak, mounts into an elevated place below the president, upon whom he turns his back

while he addresses his brother tribunes. It seemed to me like a parish clerk going to set a psalm, and one may assert, that any psalm, even of Sternhold and Hopkins' translation, and sung in any manner whatever, would have been better than the tiresome adulatory propositions which were made by different members; it was on the return of the Emperour from the battle of Austerlitz; one was for erecting a pillar like that of Trajan, and another for a triumphal arch, under which people were not to pass but on the anniversary of that great victory, and all were running the race of flattery. Continuing along the Rue St. Honori, we leave the Louvre and the avenue which leads to the Pont Neuf, on the right, and arrive where the street being considerably widened, takes the name of La Fevounerie; it was here, while the space was occupied by two narrow streets, that Henry IV, was assassinated by Ravaillac, who had followed him with that intention, all the way from the Louvre. You will be struck in the memoirs of Sully, with the little secondary causes that led to this catastrophe: Henry IV, had certainly many great qualities, but the horrid termination of his life worked upon by the enthusiasm of the nation, and the comparisons they have since had occasion to make, has contributed not a little to magnify his virtues. The Queen does not appear to have regretted him extremely; and can you very much blame her; would any wife in Carolina or Virginia, have lived with such a husband? He was always, as you perceive in Sully, engaged in some love intrigue or other, and even at last, it was doubtful whether the intended march of his army was to humble Philip II, or to bring back a lady whose husband had very naturally removed her from within his power. You will observe upon the plan of Paris, that two streets going from north to south, and for the whole breadth of the city, cross the direction of the Rue St. Honori, in this neighbourhood, nearly at right angles; one of them leads down to the Pont au Change, and the other to that of Notre Dame; if we were to continue our way forward, we should, after turning two corners, be in the Rue de la Vernerie, and reassuming our former course nearly west, would soon be on the ground where the Bastile stood, which is now a timber yard; but let us rather turn north-eastwardly, to the Halles, and then find our way as we can to the Temple. I never was in a place where there appeared such a profusion of eatables for sale, as in Paris; there are markets which occupy the whole length of different streets; there are butcher's stalls where sheep are suspended by the half dozen; there are shops where game of every sort is for sale, and the Halles alone would seem sufficient to the wants of any place on earth—it has more the appearance of a dirty, disorderly encampment, than a market; meat and fruit, and flowers and sea-fish, and vegetables of every sort, seem promiscuously mixed, and are offered for sale by those whom Mr. Burke, alluding to their conduct during the revolution, styles, in his emphatick way, the fiends of hell, in the abused forms of the worst of women—Mr. Burke may say what he will, but some of the likeliest faces I saw, were among the younger females of this order. The streets of Paris are narrow and badly paved, and have no side-ways for foot passengers, owing no doubt, to the number of large hotels, which are generally built at the farther extremity of a court, and have no communication with the street, but by a carriage way; they are extremely thronged too, by carriages of various sorts, carts, hackney carriages, gentlemen's coaches and cabriolets; these last, are one horse chairs, with tops, they are a very favourite vehicle, and are generally driven very fast—in general, the horses to the private carriages are good, and no coachmen upon earth drive so well, or with so much good humour; I hardly ever remember seeing a coachman or a carter in Geneva or France, beat his horses in

that cruel way, which is too often the case in England and America, or ever saw two coachmen quarrel. The Temple, formerly the residence of the Knights Templars, is now a gloomy state-prison; it was here that the royal family of France was confined, after the tenth of August—the interesting work of Clery, will have drawn tears from your eyes, and I hardly think that there is so ferocious a democrat in America, as not to feel for the cruelty and injustice which this fallen family was made to suffer; one is still at a loss to find a name for the sentiment which impelled those who acted a principal part in this tragedy: it must surely have been fear, the fear of not being thought a patriot; or the fear of death could alone have rendered a man so insensible to the feelings of common humanity; but even that explanation cannot always satisfy our mind. It might be necessary, in the mistaken opinions of many, to put the King to death; it might be necessary to destroy the Queen, and to confine their children; but the cruelty practised upon the Dauphin, can come within no description of policy, no supposition of fear, or of any other motive; it must have arisen from the inspiration of some infernal spirit, permitted to roam at large, for the torment of mankind—the unfortunate child was humbled, by being put to work with a shoemaker, and had been degraded by being taught all the little dirty practices which the ingenuity of the monster who watched over him, could devise, while a member of the Convention thought it necessary to justify himself from a charge of giving him any education—I can punish tyrants, was his expression, and I am not likely to be very attentive how I bring up their children. It was upon a bed that was never made, in the corner of a naked room that was never cleaned, that the descendant of Henry IV passed the last year of his existence—figure to yourself now, any child of ten years of age, thus cut off from all improvement; from all resources of the mind or body, from the common benefits of air and exercise, and made to present himself at the grating of his chamber door every two hours, during a long winter's night; and figure to yourself too, that this took place in the centre of a city which calls itself the seat of science and of the arts, and where ten years before, the very name of Henry IV, would have brought tears into the eyes of almost every individual. When the government of the Stadtholder was set aside in Holland, it was the care of Dewit to give an excellent education to the Prince of Orange; and on the death of Charles I, of England, we perceive his children sent to their relations abroad: even Algernon Sydney, whom no man will accuse of having been partial to royalty, exerted himself to save from danger the person of the Prince, who was afterwards Charles II. The entrance of the Temple is by a large gate into a spacious court, but the porter would not suffer me to take even a transient view of the building. I could not but be diverted while he was uttering his prohibition in rather uncivil terms, to observe the terrour of an American citizen, who was with me; he was a Frenchman by birth, and had thought nothing wrong which Frenchmen could do, while he was on the other side of the water; but having indulged himself in some observations on the marriage of the Emperour's brother with an American lady, and having in some little degree appeared as the agent of her friends, the door of his chamber had been burst open at three o'clock in the morning, and he had been conducted with very little ceremony to the Conciergerie; after remaining there two days, and undergoing an examination as to his views in life, his means of subsistence, and the business that had brought him to France, and still kept him there, he was dismissed with the wholesome advice of being more circumspect for the future. It is impossible to approach the Temple without thinking of Sir Sydney Smith, whose escape does so much honour

to the courage and ingenuity of his friends; you will see a relation of it in Mr. Carr; it is taken from an account which is said to have been given by Sir Sydney himself; but what Mr. Carr has not mentioned, is perhaps no less singular; it was customary with the goaler, who appears to have done his duty faithfully towards his employers, to come to terms with his prisoner, and to accept most cheerfully of his parole, whenever he could be prevailed upon to give it, that he would not during a certain time, avail himself of any opportunity to make his escape; he would then say to him, now commodore my doors are open, and I may go to sleep; and would sometimes propose a walk in the Boulevards—Sir Sydney Smith, is certainly a very distinguished character, and Buonaparte is too much of a great man himself, not to think so; he sent Sir Sydney after the peace of Amiens, a very handsome pair of pistols; and never, I am told, speaks of his gallant adversary, but in terms of respect.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Ode on Spring.—*Gray.*

4. *The busy murmuring lows.*—

'A vivid expression, like the *legiones classem opus* FERVERE of Lucretius and Virgil. Mr. Thomson has some delicious passages like this before us.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft *air* the *busy nations* fly.
Spring, 506.

——————— now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the *busy air*,
Beat by unnumber'd wings.
Ver. 649.

Which last is from Milton.

——————— the air
Flotes as they pass, fann'd by unnumber'd plumes.
Par. Lost. v. 431.

5. *Honied Spring*—
While the bee with *honied* thigh.
Il. Pen.
That on the green turf suck the *honied* flow'rs.
Lycidas.
The bait of *honied* words.
Samson Agon.

6. *Venus'*—
which is somewhat harsh, indeed, but unavoidable in words of such a termination.

7. *To Contemplation's sober eye.*

'I will venture to affirm, that this stanza furnishes the most curious specimen of a *continued metaphor*, the happiest intermixture of the *simile* and *subject*—that the whole compass of poetry, ancient and modern can produce:

To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man:
And they that *creep*, and they that *fly*,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the *busy* and the *gay*,
But *flutter* through life's *little day*,
In Fortune's *varying colours drest*:
Brush'd by the hand of rough *Mischance*,
Or *chill'd* by *age*, their *airy* dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

'*Life's little day*— the ephemeras of the naturalists.

'*Varying colours*'— 'Spartiaque coloribus alas.' *Virg.* 'Variantesque colores.' *Lucret.*

'It is, however, an act of justice to Mr. Thomson to acknowledge that Mr. Gray is indebted to him on this occasion; though the original, grand and beautiful as it is, must, in my opinion, yield to the imitation. Where Mr. Gray condescends to imitate, he recovers his level at least by some new thoughts, some dignity of verse, or some luminous embellishments of diction.

Think on yon *stream of light*, a thousand ways,
Upward and downward, thwarting and convolv'd,
The *quiv'ring nations sport*, till tempest-wing'd
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
E'en to luxurious men, unheeding, pass
An idle *Summer-life* in *Fortune's shine*,
A *season's glitter!* thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice!
Till *blown away* by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.
Summer, 342.

'After so particular an illustration of the beauties of this Ode, it will not be amiss to take some notice of Dr. Johnson's animadversions on it. If a vigorous understanding, a comprehensive knowledge, and a capacity of sound judgment, were sufficient qualifications for a work of genuine criticism, no man was ever better furnished than he for such an undertaking. But a certain inelegance of taste, a frigid churlishness of temper, unsubdued and unqualified by that melting sensibility, that divine enthusiasm of soul, which are essential to a hearty relish of poetical composition; and, above all, an invidious depravity of mind, warped by the most unmanly prejudices, and operating in an unrelenting antipathy to contemporary merit, too often counteracted and corrupted the other virtues of his intellect. Nor am I under apprehension of being charged with an unjustifiable partiality in this opinion of him, when I make no scruple to declare, that, notwithstanding some very exceptionable passages, infinitely disgraceful both to his understanding and his heart, I esteem his *Lives of the English Poets* to be the noblest specimen of entertaining and solid criticism that modern times have produced; well worthy of ranking on the same shelf with the most distinguished of the ancients, *Aristotle* and *Quintilian*.

"His Ode to Spring," says our contemptuous critick, "has *something* poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new."

'One hardly knows which to admire most in this concise decision; the parsimonious commendation, *something poetical*, or the jealousy that immediately qualifies the involuntary and precipitate liberality of his concession.—We can only appeal to the Ode itself, and to the taste and discernment of those who, as Milton speaks, have *ears to rapture*: for general and indiscriminating censure will admit of no confutation.

"There has of late," continues our biographer, "arisen a practice of giving to adjectives, derived from substantives, the termination of the participles; such as the *cultured* plain; the *daisiy* bank: but I was sorry to see in the *lines* of a scholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring."

'My note upon the verse in question will show, that this mode of expression is no such *novelty* as our critick would insinuate; and that no admirer of *a scholar like Gray* has any occasion to sympathise in the benevolent sorrows of Dr. Johnson for the errour and unskilfulness of his favourite authour. Every language is enriched and improved by the introduction of words of so easy a derivation as that in dispute; and such a coinage, by the unanimous concurrence of criticks of all ages, will readily pass current with the stamp of poetry upon it. The *Latin* word *mellitus*, for example, seems to be exactly similar: an *adjective* derived from a *substantive*, with the signification and the termination of a *participle*.'

Mr. Wakefield, in another place, resumes this defence.

> And *storied* windows, richly dight,
> Casting a dun religious light.

Dr. Johnson, as I observed before, objects to Mr. Gray's *honied spring*. In these verses of Milton we have an instance of a similar formation of words, and a very happy instance too, STORIED *windows*; adopted by Mr. Pope, in one of the sublimest passages of the *Essay on Man:*

The *trophied* arches, *storied* halls invade.

And this derivation of words, so far from being new or rare, occurs in every page of our best poets: and it is very fortunate that the language will admit of this improvement with so much ease

There are in this ode some avowed imitations, as, *float amid the liquid noon*, *Nare per æstatem liquidam*, (Virgil, Georg. lib. iv;) but the most considerable is that of Green, in the poem of the *Grotto*.

Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,
For virtue as for learning known:
The thinking sculpture helps to raise
Deep *thoughts*, the *genii* of the place;
To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
Their silence speaks, and shade gives light;
While insects, from the threshold peach,
And minds dispos'd to musing teach:
Proud of strong limbs, and painted hues,
They perish by the slightest bruise,
Or maladies begun within
Destroy more slow life's frail machine:
From maggot-youth, through change of state,
They feel, like us, the turns of fate,
Some born to creep, and some to fly,
And change earth's cells for dwellings high;
And some that did their six wings keep,
Before they died, been forc'd to weep:
They politicks like ours profess;
The greater prey upon the less;
Some strain on foot huge loads to bring,
Some tire incessant on the wing;
And in their different ways explore,
With sense of want, by future store;
Nor from their vig'rous schemes desist,
Till death, and then they're never miss'd:
Some frolick, toil, marry, increase,
Are sick and well, have war and peace;
And broke with age, in half a day,
Yield to successours, and away.

In this passage, in all the works of Green, we observe a lively originality, but which is conveyed in language often deficient in elegance, and always in splendour, qualities which set Gray, even when he copies, so far above him. He is inventive, but bald: *The six wings* is a neat allusion to a *coach and six*, and satire was never more arch than on the subject of insect politicks:

They politicks *like ours* profess;
The greater prey upon the less.
How low, how indigent the Proud,
How little are the Great.

Thus, says Mr. Mason, it stood in Dodsley's miscellany, where it was first published. The authour corrected it on account of the point of *little* and *great*. It certainly had too much the appearance of a concetto, though it expressed his meaning rather better than the present reading.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

Having derived much pleasure from the perusal of the following valedictory letters of two very young Ladies, I take the liberty of sending them for publication in The Port Folio. JUVENIS.

The same wise Providence which has made it the privilege of some to possess favours, has also made it the privilege of others, at least, to talk about them, and admire or contemn what they cannot enjoy. On this ground, it is your privilege and mine, to talk a little about that object of universal desire, beauty. And what is it? It is a little clay elegantly moulded and fashioned, by the hand of an exquisite artist, and wrought into something of symmetry and order. It is a glow in the cheeks, a small mixture of the rose and the carnation. Indeed! and is this all? Yes, this is all—all the mighty difference that lies between the most beautiful and the most ordinary face; for the materials, the clay, the roses and carnations are pretty much the same in both, only that in one they are placed to better advantage than in the other. This a very few fleeting years, the corroding hand of grief, a merciless disease, or insatiate death, will verify to every observer. Then let us not be envious of the beautiful, for ere long our roses and carnations, our symmetry and form, shall be as comely as theirs. But, Maria, admitting beauty to be as durable as life, in its most protracted period, is there really any thing in it that should render it so desirable as almost all seem to think it? And though there are, it is readily admitted, some advantages attending it, are there not at least as many and as great disadvantages? Let us inquire first, its advantages—what are they? Why they are these: she who is beautiful, has the advantage of being much admired, both by herself and others. This, it must be confessed, is an important prerogative. Oh, the dear delight of being in love with oneself, and able to give pleasure all around, by only allowing them to look at one's face! A second advantage which beauty gives its possessor, is that of being much known and talked of. Every tongue becomes eloquent in her

praise, and imagination labours to do justice to her charms. Again, another advantage attending beauty, is that it possesses every beholder (except invidious competitors) in its favour—disposes them to treat it with attention and civility; to put the most favourable construction upon all its words, actions, &c. But last, (and best of all) beauty gives to its possessor, if she be (as it is supposed most females are) disposed to marry, the utmost latitude in the choice of a husband. And who ever heard of a beautiful woman getting a bad husband? Poor homespun girls must take such as they can get, or go without; but, Miss Beautiful may smile or frown in triumph, on whom she will. She may pick and choose, encourage or reject at pleasure, until she has found the one of a thousand whom she can condescend to make happy. But, on the other hand, it is said that there are some disadvantages attending beauty. One writer, and of considerable eminence too, has even gone so far as to say, that he sincerely pities every girl whom he sees gifted by nature with a pretty face. What are his reasons? Because, says he, she seems thereby to be marked out for peculiar trials and temptations; temptations probably, beyond her strength to resist; for most of the unfortunate ladies I have known, continues he, have been celebrated for their beauty. This has gathered round them a train of the most trifling and worthless beings in existence, whose object has been to flatter, deceive and ruin. Not but that persons of merit may and do admire beauty as much as the most frivolous, but unfortunately it so happens, that those who possess it, are, for the most part, so fond of being told of it, that they most freely admit to their society those who are most ready to gratify them in this respect; and men of sense and worth cannot condescend to be competitors with such for the smiles of beauty. Miss Beauty is, therefore, often left to choose only the best of the bad: another disadvantage attending beauty is, that it often excites a spirit of jealousy, and lets loose upon itself the tongue of detraction. She who is beautiful, is also apt to be vain; and if vain then disagreeable. Elated by the flattery and unmeaning compliments of those, who, like the insect tribe, swarm around, eager to sip the fragrance of the equally fair and fading rose, she who possesses beauty, is too often led to rest upon that alone to recommend her to notice, and of course to neglect the cultivation of her mind, and the government of her temper: she is, therefore, generally as bad tempered and as ignorant as she is pretty. Thus much for the ads and disads of a pretty face. I leave you to strike the balance, and say to which it belongs. But be beauty a good, or be it an evil, so it is, that all admire and all desire it; and neither the pen of the moralist, the spleen of the satyrist, nor the envy of such as want it, have ever been able to bring it into contempt or neglect. Accordingly, we find all, male and female, in one way or another pursuing it. Those who possess, endeavour to increase, and those who want, try to create it; and it is really diverting, to observe the various and opposite schemes adopted for this purpose by different persons, ages and sexes at the same time, and by the same persons, ages and sexes at different times. Formerly, ladies, married or single, imagined they either created charms, or wonderfully increased what they possessed, by a towering head-dress, a small waist, and the suspension of a swelling hoop. Now beauty lies in, or is greatly improved by the adoption of shrinks in place of hoops, and having no waists at all. Some curl, and others frizzle their hair, mingling it with showy ornaments, for the sake of looking pretty; while others again, comb it down with a mouse-like slickness, under the neatest border of filmy gauze. Formerly, girls of our age heightened their native beauty very much by turning their hair back in tresses and flowing ringlets. Now they have found

out, that they are much handsomer, with a good portion of it tickling their noses, while the residue is twisted in a knot on the back of the head, so tightly, as considerably to increase the dimension of their mouth and eyes. The young gentlemen too, (for I cannot now speak of the old ones) were formerly handsome in proportion to the respectability of their queue or club; now every lad that holds the least pretensions to being pretty, is shorn skin close abaft, as the sailors say, while his top is taught to rise in an elegant cone on his crown, and his locks and whiskers to play bo-peep across the projection of his nose and chin. If my letter was not already growing long, and your patience getting short, I could go on to tell you that the standards of beauty are almost as different in different parts of the world, as the modes of producing or increasing it. I could tell you, that in one place a lady, in order to be handsome, must have a set of great yellow teeth, somewhat like those of a tobacco chewer, but of a deeper tinge; in another place, she who has the largest face, the least eyes, the fattest person, and the smallest feet, bears the palm; while in a third region, a jetty skin, a woolly head, thick lips, elevated cheeks, and a flat nose, are the essential constituents of real loveliness. But I forbear, and shall conclude my very interesting letter, with this comfortable reflection, that though beauty, according to the Philadelphia standards, is a very captivating flower, yet those who want it, may find a very excellent substitute in adorning themselves with modesty, virtue, good sense, good nature, prudence, and the like. And I suspect, that if we should require of every observing person we meet, a list of the ladies and gentlemen he or she most respects, we should not receive a catalogue of beauties. That the beauties of an improved understanding, a virtuous heart, graceful manners, and an obliging benevolent disposition, may ever adorn my esteemed friend and her classmate, is the cordial wish of my heart.

—

DEAR ANNA,

The tear of sorrow swells in the eye of Margaretta while she is seated, and because she is seated for the last time to address you as a classmate, and an inhabitant of Union Hall. The pleasing remembrance of the happiness I have enjoyed in your society here, is accompanied with a sigh, and my cheek moistened with the pearl of regret, whenever I reflect that it is soon, alas! very soon, to be no more. Like the musick of Caryl, the memory of those past delights those scenes of youthful gayety and innocence, will ever be pleasant and mournful in the bosom of your friend.

I am inclined to believe, my dear Ann, that those attachments or friendships which are formed in youth, provided they be well formed, are the most sincere, lively, and lasting; and I think mine for you, are so founded, as that no time or circumstances can ever diminish its ardency. Yet alas! we are frail creatures, and the gentlemen say, as fickle as fashion. I think I shall prove, that there is at least one exception to this rule. It is probable that I shall, ere long, be removed from this place, and all the dear friends it contains; but, though continents may stretch, mountains rise, rivers flow, and oceans roll between me and the friends of my early days, the spark of undissembled love shall live and kindle affection for them in my bosom. Other companions and associates, I must necessarily find, or be a recluse from the world; but so entirely have the dear companions of my school-day joys, engrossed my esteem and confidence, that I shall find it difficult to transfer them in any degree to others. The feelings of some of our classmates appear, however, to be very different from mine on the subject of our separation: some of them, though

capable I believe, of the most refined friendship have about them such a flow of spirits, such natural vivacity, and even volatility of disposition, as makes them forget troubles, and renders a change and variety of associates agreeable. I have sometimes felt a disposition to envy those easy creatures their happiness, and yet a happiness which results from want of thought or reflection, seems indeed to be no happiness.

How happy and how seasonably, my dear Ann, have the instructions and admonitions of our kind preceptor, been interposed to repress this volatility in some, and impress a sense of virtue and propriety upon all, and remind us of indecorums, of which at the time we were unconscious? and I hope they have had their desired effect upon some of us, at least; and that they will prove the guardians of our youth, and the directories of our more advanced years. Oh, how salutary are such instructions, conveyed in such a way! not with the dogmatick air of supercilious wisdom, but in the accents of condescension, and with the soothing kindness of an affectionate parent, anxiously concerned for the best interests of his children. What can we ever render to him for his care and kindness? I believe the most acceptable return we can make, will be to practice and improve what he has taught us.

I was lately in company with the beautiful Miss V. and I was not a little diverted to observe the officious gallantry employed by several young gentlemen there, to engage her notice and approbation. And indeed, the futile arts and fine-drawn speeches of these pretty officious fellows, were enough to discompose the muscles of the gravest face in Christendom.

But, what surprised me more than all, and indeed what mortified me too, was the complacency with which she seemed to receive it all. Our sex you know, are censured as being fond of flattery; and for once, I blushed to find, that there was an instance to countenance or warrant this illiberal charge: all I can say is, that I pity the girl, who, having beauty enough to invite the breath of flattery, has not discernment enough to see that it is flattery, and to spurn it as such. Females are also, often railed, on their volubility; and in this particular too, the beautiful Miss V. of whom I have been speaking, furnishes full ground for the remark. But I am myself, so averse to taciturnity, and so highly prize the sweets of social chat, that I can readily tolerate it in others, and had much rather plead guilty to the charge than relinquish the pleasure of talking. You perceive, dear Anna, that this spirit is beginning to show itself in my letter; and as I believe you are not quite so much disposed to toleration here, as I am, it will be prudent in me to say good night.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

"In ancient times, *when maids in thought were pure,*
When eyes were artless, and the look demure;
Then the wide ruff the well-turned neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays repos'd!
The bosom *now* its panting beauties shows;
The experienced eye resistless glances throws!" GAY.

"*Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus,*" was the sentiment of Cicero, as expressed in his book "De Officiis; and Milton has declared, in his "Paradise Lost," that "Solitude is sometimes best society." I have long professed all possible deference both for the philosophy of Cicero and the poetry of Milton; and on the opinion here cited from these illustrious writers, as well as on many other points, I am free to declare that they have my deliberate concurrence.

I recently mustered up resolution enough to emerge from *The Retreat* in which, for divers and important reasons, I had long immured myself. Such, indeed, has been the inscrutableness of my retirement, so completely did I contrive to elude the vigilance of inquiry, that I am ac-

cused of having decamped even from my friends, with an alacrity as earnest as though I had been hunted out only by enemies. But "*nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*"—never less alone than when alone! If I have been unusually estranged from others I have become better acquainted with myself; if I have missed some opportunities for observing the shifting scenery of life, and the actors on this stage of existence, it may at least be supposed, that, having all this while tasked and examined myself, I am qualified more justly to appreciate the events of which I shall be a spectator, and the persons with whom I chance to consociate. This is the advantage that I imagine myself to have acquired by seclusion and meditation.

The recluse is always peculiarly sensible to a change or revolution in manners. Accustomed to the investigation of past times, and frequently abstracting himself from all contemporary considerations, he comes occasionally into a new world, where he contemplates, with more anxiety than men of a different character would suppose, the alterations that have taken place since his voluntary banishment from publick avocations and amusements. To him, at this his reappearance on the great theatre of human action, every object seems to demand his notice. He perceives the slightest deviation from the order of things to which he was accustomed; and, when the first attraction of novelty has passed away, some time must elapse before he can reconcile himself to all he hears and all he beholds.

It was in a temper of the kind I have just described, that, sallying from my obscurity, I again mingled with the busy, the indolent, and the gay. Always passionately attached to my fair countrywomen, these very naturally first caught my attention. Ah! it was now that I felicitated myself on having once more arrived at the promenade of social life. How, I was panting to exclaim in the enthusiastick language of poetry—

> "How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts!
> What new-found lures they show, what dangerous parts!"

For mere featural fascination, I never could be persuaded to avow any admiration. To me, who dwell with most complacency on what the French term the *phisionomie* of beauty, or a countenance expressive of character, and who prefer a fine form, gracefully attired, and moving with effect, as the perfection of personal charm in a woman; could a vision more enchanting have appeared, than the Sylphiad figures that continually floated before my eyes, as I paced the splendid ranks of female display? Some cynical tongues, indeed, ventured peevishly to mutter their disapprobation of the prevailing manners and modes. "Instead of waiting," said these, "as formerly, to be courted by men, women are become the suitors of that sex from whom they ought to experience nothing but the most respectful homage. Can any thing be so unbecoming as the present race of half-undressed ladies?—any thing more repulsive than their bold and unauthorized advances towards the men, whom they seem determined to carry, as it were, by assault? What wise man," they continued "would wish to find himself the proprietor of that of which every man seems invited to become the possessor? Where the natural offences of delicacy are removed, the soil itself must soon be exposed to every trespasser."

I confess, that this conversation startled me from my dream of enjoyment. Beginning, however, to review the matter, my apprehensions gradually subsided: I even formed, at least to myself, many excuses, if not apologies, for the fair ones whose conduct I had heard so severely arraigned. Man (thought I) is but man; and why from woman is to be exacted, more than woman perhaps can perform? Yes, poor human nature is still poor human nature!—Besides, if men have declined to solicit the favours of women, is there not an unavoidable necessity that wo-

man should demand the attentions of man; that she should insist on the due fulfilment of her rights? One of the parties must advance. When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet felt it no disgrace to proceed to the mountain.

The ladies will, at any rate, find some compensation in this arrangement of the intercourse of the sexes. Being at liberty to make the first overtures towards love, they may exercise the privilege—it is no trivial one!—of choosing partners for themselves. They can now elect whom they please; and, unless extremely unfortunate in the object of their choice, they must generally prove successful. The other sex will, at the same time, be effectually emancipated from the insufferable fatigue formerly attending on long courtships. Both sexes, indeed, on this system, cannot fail of soon coming to a good understanding with each other.

Maids, therefore, may again be, *if ever they were so*, as "pure in thought," as they please; but, for my part, I must depreciate any attempt to impose, even upon maids, the task of feigning either "artless eyes" or "demure looks." Not for me, be the "neck by ruff enclosed," nor "the breast reposing in stays." For me—while

Experienc'd eyes resistless glances throw,
Let bosoms still their panting beauties show!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE SHIELD.

BY MRS. JACKSON.

With bending bow and conquering air
When Cupid aim'd a threat'ning dart,
Forewarn'd, the timid, trembling fair,
An icy shield spread o'er her heart.

Prudence, who disciplin'd the maid,
Bestow'd it in a cautious hour?
And now the charm is first essay'd
To guard her from the traitor's power.

His blunted arrows back recoil;
The baffled God in madness raves;
She mocks his angry fruitless toil,
The chilling spell her bosom saves.

Indignant he regains the bower,
Which wantonly he lately fled;
Disgrac'd he holds each future hour,
And hides in Venus' breast his head.

The mother seeks his grief to learn,
Then sooths him with her sweetest smiles;
Bids him no longer weep and mourn,
For stubborn hearts will yield to wiles.

His flushing cheek and wrathful look,
Assume a soft and gentle glow,
As he her ready lesson took,
To quit his darts—to hide his bow.

Now soft and tender is he seen,
And gently are his words exprest;
With subtle art, and alter'd mien,
He robes him in a borrow'd vest.

In Friendship's guise the fair he meets,
In Friendship's voice he whispers mild,
As Friendship, she deceit admits,
And nurs'd in Friendship's name the child.

With cautious boldness, by degrees,
He frolicks, plays, and on her breast
Attempts to touch, and then to seize,
The frigid guardian of her rest.

Forbear, in agony, she cries,
That talisman secures my ease;
But for its power these weeping eyes
Would mourn the loss of rest and peace.

There is a treacherous, tyrant boy,
Ah! how unlike thy simple truth;
Who robs fond virgins of their joy,
Their smiles of innocence and youth.

His fiery darts enflame the soul;
Days lose their peace, and nights their rest:
Once on yon bank he fix'd his goal,
And aim'd his arrows at my breast.

This shield secur'd me from his power,
This shield alone protects me still,
For oft unseen, in careless hour,
The weak are conquer'd by his skill.

Oh, pardon me, the urchin cries,
I little knew my vent'rous deed!

In these sad tears, and burning sighs,
My penitence and sorrow read.

And let me press this guardian spell,
Close, and still closer to thy breast—
He press'd, he sigh'd, his warm tears fell,
Her throbbing heart his power confess'd.

In wonder all her soul is tost,
As she the sudden change revolv'd,
A moment tells her all is lost,
She feels the magick spell dissolv'd.

Wild triumph glads his alter'd eye,
He quits the victim of his power;
Subdued, she scarcely breathes a sigh;
He flies to Venus and her bower.

With pensive thought the lonely maid
Retraces all the paths he trod;
Still lingers where she was betray'd,
Feels all his power, and owns the God.

DEVOTION.

A Frenchman, in a creditable way of life, had a small figure of our Saviour on the cross, of very curious workmanship; he offered it for sale to an English gentleman.—After expatiating on the excellency of the workmanship, he told him that he had long kept this crucifix with the most pious care, that he had always addressed it in his private devotion; and that in return, he had expected some degree of protection and favour; instead of which he had of late been remarkably unfortunate: that all the tickets he had in the lottery had proved blanks; and having a great share in the cargo of a ship, coming from the West Indies, he had recommended it in the most fervent manner in his prayers to the crucifix; and, that he might give no offence by any appearance of want of faith, he had not insured the goods—notwithstanding all which, the vessel had been shipwrecked, and the cargo totally lost, though the sailors in whose preservation he had no concern, had been all saved.—Enfin, Monsieur, cried he, with an accent of indignation, mingled with regret; and raising his shoulders above his ears, *Enfin, Monsieur, il m'a manque, et je vends mon Christ.* [*Burke.*

TO ——.

'Twas not the quick and dazzling glance,
That fires and overpowers the soul,
And wraps it in delirious trance,
That bowed me to thy sweet control.

No! 'twas from eyes of heavenly blue,
A languid, tender, timid ray,
Stealing through lids of darkest hue,
That won me from myself away.

'Twas not the firm, commanding voice,
Whose rapid eloquence o'erflows,
And seems at homage to rejoice,
That roused my breast from dull repose.

No! 'twas the soft and melting tones,
Like nectar dropping from thy tongue,
By which my heart thy empire owns;
—Its every chord to Passion strung.

And while that winning voice I hear,
And while those beaming eyes I see,
Than light, or life, to me more dear,
My bosom's sovereign thou must be!

POST-MASTER.

A French post-master, who had something more precise and formal in his manner than is usual with Frenchmen, because he had formerly been a schoolmaster, gave me, on my way to Paris, a proof of his power of reasoning: on his putting only two horses to a chaise instead of three, he advertised us that he expected to be paid for three. I hinted that it did not seem quite reasonable. —"I will have the honour, gentlemen," resumed he, with a solemn air, "of making this as clear as daylight. You must all know that travellers are often detained in the middle of their journey by an accident happening to one of the horses in their carriage; but there is a greater chance of this happening to one of three horses, than of two." His argument was allowed to be irresistible, and he was paid his full demand. —"All that I ever desire of any mortal," continued the post-master, "is that he will only hear me, and listen to the voice of reason."

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to joy and thee!
On thy last rock I lingering stand,
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view thy tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,
As bursting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in silver gleam;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,
As evening vapours bluely steam
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of wo;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
Of warmer youth's empassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep too blest, the reverend dead,
Unconscious of their country's doom;

Say, can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home! no home has he—
He scorns in servile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps whose mighty mound,
Great Nature's adamantine wall,
In vain oppos'd your awful bound
To check the prone-descending Gaul;

What Hunter now with daring leaps
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the free-born sons of toil
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,
To Freedom true, the stubborn soil
Shall pine and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your ravening bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes and sculptured fanes.

What seek ye here? Our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptured trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileless mirth.
Our trophies are our tyrants' bones!

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
Morat's proud glories on my view;
Heroick scenes a long farewell,
I fly from madness and from you!

Beyond the dread Atlantick deep,
One gleam of comfort shines for me;
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide, that waste of waters rolls,
And sadly smiles that distant land,
Yet there I hail congenial Souls,
And Freemen give the Brother's hand.

Columbia hear the Exile's prayer!
To him thy fostering love impart,
So shall he watch with Patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguish fraught,
If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,
"Still, still, I am a stranger here!"

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,
Where first this fleeting breath I drew;
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

THE VALETUDINARIAN AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

How do you find my pulse, Doctor?

Upon my word, much better than could have been expected, after what you have told me.

How does my tongue appear?

Very clean, indeed.

Alas! what renders my cure so hopeless, is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of, and prescribe for?

I acknowledge that I should be much at a loss.

Though my whole system is deranged, yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, Doctor?

They really seem so.

What a pity it is, Doctor, that I never had the gout; that is a disease. I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure.

A fit of the gout, certainly does, sometimes, remove other complaints.

Cannot you then give me a fit directly?

Indeed I cannot.

Yours seems to be a very unfortunate profession, Doctor; for, although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have

them, nor of giving them to those who have them not.

What you observe, is very true.

A good many of your profession have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late.

A great many, Sir ;—by and by, I suppose no man will presume to practise medicine without it.

As in the days of chivalry, when no man could lawfully kill on the high-way, till he was dubbed a knight. But what do you intend, Doctor, to prescribe for my complaints ; you must be sensible, that there is no time to be lost ?

True, Sir, I shall order you some restorative draughts : but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect, will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback, three or four hours every day before dinner.

You mean, when the weather is fine.

I mean in all weathers.

ENGLISH.

Nothing contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native country, as passing a few years in other countries. Yet with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate : but that will not explain the matter ; for do you not meet Englishmen in every province of France and and Italy, fretting and frowning with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country, were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sun-shine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness ? It is pretty generally allowed, even among the English, that they do not make the most of life ; that is, they do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of them are tired of life, before it is half over ; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissension, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

EPIGRAM.

By Theophilus Swift Esq.

—" That soldier so rude, he that swaggers in scarlet,
Put him out of the court—I'll imprison the varlet,
As in judgment he sat, frowning Robinson said.
' A soldier I'm not,' quoth the hero in red,
' No soldier, my Lord, but an officer I,
A captain who carries his sword on his thigh.'
Stern Robinson then, with sarcastical sneer,
Rolled his sharp eagle eye on the vain volunteer,
And " Tipstaff," he cried, as the captain grew bolder,
Out, out, with that officer, who is *no soldier !*

FROM THE FRENCH.

Surrounded by foes 'mid the ashes of Troy,
Eneas preserv'd his Sire's life :
That so noble a deed some reward might enjoy,
Heaven kindly took from him his wife.

The price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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n these sad tears, and burning sighs,
My penitence and sorrow read.

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Close, and still closer to thy breast—
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Her throbbing heart his power confess'd.

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Feels all his power, and owns the God.

DEVOTION.

A Frenchman, in a creditable way of life, had a small figure of our Saviour on the cross, of very curious workmanship; he offered it for sale to an English gentleman.—After expatiating on the excellency of the workmanship, he told him that he had long kept this crucifix with the most pious care, that he had always addressed it in his private devotion; and that in return, he had expected some degree of protection and favour; instead of which he had of late been remarkably unfortunate: that all the tickets he had in the lottery had proved blanks; and having a great share in the cargo of a ship, coming from the West Indies, he had recommended it in the most fervent manner in his prayers to the crucifix; and, that he might give no offence by any appearance of want of faith, he had not insured the goods—notwithstanding all which, the vessel had been shipwrecked, and the cargo totally lost, though the sailors in whose preservation he had no concern, had been all saved.—Enfin, Monsieur, cried he, with an accent of indignation, mingled with regret; and raising his shoulders above his ears, *Enfin, Monsieur, il m'a manque, et je vends mon Christ.* [*Burke.*

TO ——.

'Twas not the quick and dazzling glance,
That fires and overpowers the soul,
And wraps it in delirious trance,
That bowed me to thy sweet control.

No! 'twas from eyes of heavenly blue,
A languid, tender, timid ray,
Stealing through lids of darkest hue,
That won me from myself away.

'Twas not the firm, commanding voice,
Whose rapid eloquence o'erflows,
And seems at homage to rejoice,
That roused my breast from dull repose.

No! 'twas the soft and melting tones,
Like nectar dropping from thy tongue,
By which my heart thy empire owns;
—Its every chord to Passion strung.

And while that winning voice I hear,
And while those beaming eyes I see,
Than light, or life, to me more dear,
My bosom's sovereign thou must be!

POST-MASTER.

A French post-master, who had something more precise and formal in his manner than is usual with Frenchmen, because he had formerly been a schoolmaster, gave me, on my way to Paris, a proof of his power of reasoning: on his putting only two horses to a chaise instead of three, he advertised us that he expected to be paid for three. I hinted that it did not seem quite reasonable. —"I will have the honour, gentlemen," resumed he, with a solemn air, "of making this as clear as daylight. You must all know that travellers are often detained in the middle of their journey by an accident happening to one of the horses in their carriage; but there is a greater chance of this happening to one of three horses, than of two." His argument was allowed to be irresistible, and he was paid his full demand. —"All that I ever desire of any mortal," continued the post-master, "is that he will only hear me, and listen to the voice of reason."

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to joy and thee!
On thy last rock I lingering stand,
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view thy tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,
As bursting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in silver gleam;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,
As evening vapours bluely steam
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of wo;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
Of warmer youth's empassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep too blest, the reverend dead,
Unconscious of their country's doom;

Say, can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home! no home has he—
He scorns in servile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps whose mighty mound,
Great Nature's adamantine wall,
In vain oppos'd your awful bound
To check the prone-descending Gaul;

What Hunter now with daring leaps
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steeps,
Who guard from wolves your rambling flocks?

While low the free-born sons of toil
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,
To Freedom true, the stubborn soil
Shall pine and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your ravening bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes and sculptured fanes.

What seek ye here? Our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptured trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileless mirth.
Our trophies are our tyrants' bones!

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
Morat's proud glories on my view;
Heroick scenes a long farewell,
I fly from madness and from you!

Beyond the dread Atlantick deep,
One gleam of comfort shines for me;
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide, that waste of waters rolls,
And sadly smiles that distant land,
Yet there I hail congenial Souls,
And Freemen give the Brother's hand.

Columbia hear the Exile's prayer!
To him thy fostering love impart,
So shall he watch with Patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguish fraught,
If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,
"Still, still, I am a stranger here!"

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,
Where first this fleeting breath I drew;
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

THE VALETUDINARIAN AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

How do you find my pulse, Doctor?

Upon my word, much better than could have been expected, after what you have told me.

How does my tongue appear?

Very clean, indeed.

Alas! what renders my cure so hopeless, is, that there is no symptom to lay hold of, and prescribe for?

I acknowledge that I should be much at a loss.

Though my whole system is deranged, yet all the particular parts are in good order; are they not, Doctor?

They really seem so.

What a pity it is, Doctor, that I never had the gout; that is a disease. I understand, which removes others that have resisted every method of cure.

A fit of the gout, certainly does, sometimes, remove other complaints.

Cannot you then give me a fit directly?

Indeed I cannot.

Yours seems to be a very unfortunate profession, Doctor; for, although you deal entirely in diseases, yet you are neither certain of removing them from those who have

them, nor of giving them to those who have them not.

What you observe, is very true.

A good many of your profession have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late.

A great many, Sir ;—by and by, I suppose no man will presume to practise medicine without it.

As in the days of chivalry, when no man could lawfully kill on the high-way, till he was dubbed a knight. But what do you intend, Doctor, to prescribe for my complaints ; you must be sensible, that there is no time to be lost ?

True, Sir, I shall order you some restorative draughts : but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect, will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback, three or four hours every day before dinner.

You mean, when the weather is fine.

I mean in all weathers.

ENGLISH.

Nothing contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native country, as passing a few years in other countries. Yet with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate: but that will not explain the matter; for do you not meet Englishmen in every province of France and and Italy, fretting and frowning with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country, were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sun-shine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness? It is pretty generally allowed, even among the English, that they do not make the most of life; that is, they do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of them are tired of life, before it is half over; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides *permanent* gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissension, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

EPIGRAM.

By Theophilus Swift Esq.

—" That soldier so rude, he that swaggers in scarlet,
Put him out of the court—I'll imprison the varlet,
As in judgment he sat, frowning Robinson said.
' A soldier I'm not,' quoth the hero in red,
' No soldier, my Lord, but an officer I,
A captain who carries his sword on his thigh.'
Stern Robinson then, with sarcastical sneer,
Rolled his sharp eagle eye on the vain volunteer,
And " Tipstaff," he cried, as the captain grew bolder,
Out, out, with that officer, who is *no soldier !*

FROM THE FRENCH.

Surrounded by foes 'mid the ashes of Troy,
Eneas preserv'd his Sire's life :
That so noble a deed some reward might enjoy,
Heaven kindly took from him his wife.

The price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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